However, when I had seen the *Nang-Li* from her inlaid marbles to the blue porcelain of her state-rooms, my friend—with a trifle of hesitation—asked if I would care to see the fourth class. I begged an explanation, and he gave it to me. He also gave me eucalyptus for my handkerchief, and we set out.

Right forward, through the third-class accommodation, we climbed down below the water-line into the bowels of the ship. We found ourselves in one of three big compartments each housing some thirty persons. They lay on bunks in tiers, and there was a bird-cage arrangement of bunks also in the centre of the place. These were bare planking, with a little mat and a blanket to each, and since the *Nang-Li* is thoroughly modern, I have no doubt that all that was possible was done by way of cleanliness and ventilation.

But the twenty-nine Chinese men and one Chinese woman in that cabin were mostly too old ever to get on deck. A great many

were too old to feed themselves, and while they were fed, I should not suppose that they were bothered much iu regard to washing. No ; they lay there as they